

California

Dionne Warwick

I flew away to California
Ticket away from Oakridge Brown
I thought I'd change seat
I'd changed my mind
And I'd get straight before too long
And I'd be happy

I met a hundred different people
Still I was lonely and as unhappy as I could be
Cause the very first person I met in California
Was nobody else but me

I found a place in Santa Barbaa
I couldn't wait to see the town and so I bought a car
I told myself if I had wheels to get around
That I'd be happy

I went to all famous beaches
Still I was lonely and unhappy as I could be
Cause the very first person I met in California
Was nobody else but me

I'm going back to Tuscaloosa
Where I grew up and ran away
I'll start my life again
I realized it's not the town in which to stay
That makes you happy

The only place to find contentment
Is deep inside you, way down deep, and as for me
Well, the very first person I'll meet in Tuscaloosa
Is somebody who will be
The very first person I met in California
Is nobody else but me
Nobody else but me
Nobody else but me